

the Atlantic. The English are children. An Eng-
man is at no moment so delighted
when he lifts his brows and says
"really!" The Frenchman at his side-
table watches the world go by
unmoved. At any moment
Napoleon may appear; or he may
great news of a new drama; or the
rest lion of the salon may stroll by,
and wonder is still possible in
Germany, bred as he is upon senti-
ment and fairy lore. The Italian is
unusually reserved. On his first visit
to a new town he has arrived at mid-
night.